

7 Second St., N. E.,  
Washington, D. C.,  
July 2, 1942.

Dear Hotie:

Your special delivery letter, quite a surprise, greeted me upon my return home last night, which seems to call for immediate reply---but how to reply, as it should be replied to, I confess that I do not know.

It seems to me that Papa said something about writing a will, along the lines mentioned in your letter, in which he wanted to appoint me as the administrator thereof, but, if I remember correctly, I told him not appoint me to perform such a duty, and, after doing this, I dismissed the matter from my mind.

There are some things that I think ought to be taken into consideration, regardless of everything else pertaining thereto. We all know that Pitt, after leaving Dothan, went to Callaway, and took over the management of affairs for Mamma and Papa, and, by selling a bit of land, here and yonder, for them, kept them both in reasonable comfort, so long as they both lived. With Pitt's assistance, the little pension was secured for Papa, that was a real comfort to him, in his last lonely years. Pitt was largely instrumental, over Nettie's protest, in getting Ben Rhodes elected to a good-paying job, that helped him just when he needed it most. Pitt sold a 40-acre cypress pond down there for me, that netted me something over a \$100, which, in all probability, would have been sold for its taxes, long ago, if he had not done it. If you will ask Nettie, I think that you will find that he has helped her and Pete financially, especially, since his sand-success. I saw him pass a \$20-bill to Howard, when we visited him, near Waverly, last Christmas.

When Pitt was in Washington, last Christmas, with his pockets full of money, about the happiest man I ever saw, he told me about his recent successes with his sand-brick machine, and it made me feel good to know that, after such a long, long seige of heart-breaking, discouraging hardships, he had at last come to the "turn in the road"---for, if a fellow ever deserved it, I think that he does. If he had not taken hold of this proposition, with the help of the machine, that none of us invented, and with easy access to the sand-pit, now so valuable, that too might have sold for its taxes, and remained undisturbed until all of us had "gone the way of all the earth". For my part, I am in deed grateful to my Maker that he has seen fit, in His wisdom, to open up in this way a real avenue of success to Pitt, tho I am still working like a slave for my daily bread. While I am the oldest of us all, we are all too old, and too near the Great Divide, to want to do anything but what is right in the sight of God, in this matter or in any other matter that shall loom up on life's horizon, to mar the inevitable landscap of its rapidly setting sun. I think that you and Pitt will work this matter out right. H.C.C